SOUTHERN ARGUS.

RICHARD HENRY BROWNE, EDITOR.] *Terms,—Four Dollars per annum, in Advance,* [SAMUEL DAVIS, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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From the Louisville Journal.

BRITISH INDIA AND THE UNITED STATES.—We have frequently directed the attention of the growers of cotton to the increasing commerce, in that article, of Great Britian with the East India Company's possessions; and we propose now, not only to continue the subject, but also to advert to the competition which other southern products may expect to encounter in the English markets from the same source. It is certain that the vast increase of East India imports exerts an important influence on the prices in the British markets, and, to some extent, regulates the value of simular articles, the growth and exports of the Southern portion of this Union.

The chief of these articles is cotton. The project is deliberately entertained of making cotton the great staple of British India, by a powerful commercial nation, that seldom engages in an enterprise without the stimulus of interest, and as rarely fails to execute whatever she resolves.

The limits of a newspaper article will permit us to allude only in a very general manner to the means by which it is proposed to attain this end; but, among the most prominent, we may state that early in the past year a joint stock company was formed in London, with a capital of £500,000, in shares of £25 each, the object of which, as stated in the proposals of the company, is to supply "the English markets with a cheaper and superior cotton of India growth."

The importance of this question, to the manufacturer and the ship-owner of Great Britian, was strikingly brought to the notice of the East India Company by a deputation of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on the presentation of a memorial which stated, among other things, that in the first eleven months of 1838 the cotton imported into Great Britian amounted to 1,333,316 bales, of the value of £ 4, 000,000; which was manufactured into articles of the value of £40,000,000 gave freight to 300,000 tons of shipping, and afforded employment to two millions of people. The report concluded by pointing to India as an available, and at the same time more desirable, source of supply than foreign nations, from whence the greater portion was then obtained.

The East India Company, at its own cost, have imported from the United States a number of experienced cotton-planters, who are now at work in India.

In 1831 the imports of East India cotton into England amounted to 75, 627 bales; in 1835 it was 116,153; and in 1840 it reached 216,784 bales; showing an increase in the supply, which, if continued, must seriously increase in the supply, which, if continued, must seriously interfere with, if not entirely destroy, the market for the cotton grown in the Southern States.

It is a problem yet to be solved, whether the expensive slave labor of North American can successfully compete with the cheap labor of India. Let not the American cotton-grower lay the "flattering unction to his heart," that cotton of an equal quality to his cannot be produced in India. We have abundant evidence to the contrary. Montgomery Martin, in his history of the British Colonies, says "Cotton everywhere abounds; but sufficient care has not yet been bestowed on the growth, so as to render it, as in America, a triennial* instead of an annual, or in the picking and cleansing it for export. The Deccn cotton is unequalled; and the seaisland cotton from Saugur island, near Calcutta promises to be a valuable article of export." Another writer (Royle) says: "the best of cotton is procured from the coast of Coromandel."

Heretofore the cotton-gin, that valuable labor-saving machine, which has been of such vast utility to the American cotton-grower, has been unknown in India; and the cotton has been cleansed by manual labor, or rather by an instrument called a *churka*, which, with three laborers to work it, only turned off forty pounds a days while a good American gin will clean one thousand four hundred pounds. It will also be remembered that in India the roads are wholly neglected, and much of the cotton is *packed* on the backs of oxen. When the roads shall have been, as they doubtless will be, made good, the expense of the cotton will be still further reduced at the port from whence it is shipped.

But it may be said that England will not lose so good a customer as is the United States, by giving a preference to the cotton of India. A slight examination of the subject will show the error of this conclusion. The interest of England is, to afford employment to the greatest number of her *own* people. Her shipping interest is, perhaps, an object of higher consideration than even her manufactures; but they are both of primary importance. Now, the American cotton is chiefly carried in American ships, while if the cotton were obtained from India, it would be transported exclusively in British ships. As to the employment given to the manufactures, it must bear some relation to the number of persons in the consuming countries.

Thus while India has a hundred million of people in its territory, the United States does not contain over fifteen millions exclusive of slavery. The ratio of population is, therefore, as one to six and two-thirds. By reference to a table of the value of cotton manufactures of Great Britian exported in 1840, we find that $17,129, 115 worth of that species of manufacture was sent to the East Indies, and $4,988,069 exported to the United States. The ratio of consumption of the two countries is, therefore, nearly as one to three and two-fifths. India, then, does not take from England the share of cotton that is due to her population, and which is doubtless owing to a failure to produce the cotton which it is requisite to give in exchange for the manufactured article. By reference to the official import and export table of 1840, the latest one published, we find that the United States exported to Great Britian articles to the value of $3 80 cents per head of her free people, and she imported to the value of $2 20 cents per head; and if India produced in the same proportion, she would send to Great Britian products to the value of $380,000,000, and take in return $220,000,000, of her manufactures—a trade vastly superior to anything we are likely ever to offer to her cupidity.

It is therefore only necessary to give an impulse to the productive energies of India, and she can abundantly supply England with the raw material she needs. But if we have to dread the competition of India in the article of cotton, there should exist equal apprehension from the increasing production in the same region, of many of the staple articles of the South, which may probably be excluded from the English market.

Of this description is rice. The Carolina rice, though of a superior quality, cannot be afforded as low as the India; and were it not for the immense consumption of this grain in the country where it is produced, the American would be excluded entirely from the European markets. The valleys of the Ganges, and other large rivers of India, have been from time immemorial the great rice fields of the central parts of Asia. Very many of these valleys are of vast extent, and entirely covered with rice fields. Machines on an improved plan have but recently been introduced for cleaning the rice. Since the throwing open the trade of the East Indies in 1830, there has been a vast increase of the export to England of many articles; among which we may rank cotton, indigo, hemp, hides, raw silk, ginger, castor oil, saltpetre, rapeseed, pepper, wool, &c. It is said that the Bengal indigo has driven the Carolina article out of the market price and quality, and that hemp from India competes with that from Russia and Manilla; and it is further known that the supply could be increased. The India wool is of poor quality, and is used only in the coarser fabrics.

Martin says "sugar may be cultivated in India in sufficient quantities to supply the whole world. Its production at present is immense, as it forms an ingredient in almost every article of food or drink used by the Hindoos." The soil and climate is represented as peculialy favorable to this production; and the quantity now produced is only surpassed by the article of rice. From the custom-house reports, it appears that in 1831, the imports of sugar from India into England were 60,000 cwt. In 1836 it amounted to 152,168 cwt.; in 1839 to 519,126 cwt.; and in 1840 it equalled 600,000 cwt.

In the last year it probably doubled this last amount; and the increased supply of India sugar had the effect of lessening the price of the article.

Tobacco is also grown in India in very large quantities, and is of excellent quality.

From all these statements it will be evident, to those interested, that there is rising, in a far distant portion of the globe, a vigorous rival, who ere long will compete with our Southern planters, in the markets of Great Britian, for mastery in the sale of their staple commodities, but more especially cotton.

What effect this competion will ultimately produce on the whole foreign commerce of the Union is now matter of speculation. But be it what it may, the possession of the present markets is a prize worthy of the struggle of our planters and merchants; and should stimulate to greater economy in production. One thing is manifest however, that it is vitally important to guard against the entire loss of the trade, by building up manufactures in our own country—first supply ourselves, and then, with our own ships and own fabrics, sally forth and seek a market in the ports of the Western hemisphere. The time will come, we believe, when the cotton-growers must look at home for their chief market—when the markets of England will be to them a sealed book, or a thing that was. It is the part of wisdom to be prepared for the revulsion, and not wait in listlessness, and wonder at the event after it has happened. Let the cotton-growers aid in all reasonable efforts to build up a great manufacturing interest in this country. Then, relying on our own independence and our own industry, we may laugh to scorn all efforts to diminish our production or impair our commerce.

*Cotton is not a triennial plant in the United States, as Mr. Martin seems to suppose.

LOVE.—To the man from whom death has torn every green tie which bound him to existence as to a bless sing; who passes through life with the corroding knowledge, that in the peopled earth there is not one to care for *him*, and the blighted affections of whose heart form nothing but sacred tombs for the memory of the departed—to such a man, the artificial, though bright smile—the heartless though glittering courtesies of the world, are but what the bag of pearls was to the famishing wanderer of the desert; and as the one would have willingly given his beautiful treasure for a morsel of bread, so would the other exchange all those flattering attentions for a single smile whose sunny being would be drawn from the fountain of LOVE.

From the Picayune.

A CHOLERA SUBJECT.

Here is a good piece of fun, from the Cincinnati Message. There is a humorist at work on that journal:—

There is an individual living not a thousand miles from the "City of Lakes," who is familiarly known in the regions round about by the familiar cognomen of "Old Cuff,"—a man of great singularity of character, and who sometimes, when hard pushed, makes a "ten strike" at saying a good thing. During the prevalence of the cholera in the year 1832, there appeared at the "Eagle Tavern" (a hotel of which the personage afore-mentioned was then the proprietor) one of those "highly concentrated extracts of pomatum," hair and musk *things*—a burlesque on the human form divine—a *dandy*, in all the moods and tenses of such a creature. After depositng his baggage—consisting of a pointer dog, a bundle of sticks cut at Niagra falls, and a hair trunk— in the hall of the hotel, he approached the bar and addressed the landlord, who happened to be behind the counter, as follows:—

"Landlowd pwepawe me a glass of bwandy and wataw, with a dimuytive mixtwa of the southwon weed."

Understanding his man, Old Cuff had the article instantly prepared and placed before him. The mixture soon disappeared; and so soon as the ceremony of arranging his cravat, moustaches, and a slight flourish of a highly-flavored pocket-handkerchief was gone through with, he again addressed himself to the landlord in the following language—verbatim,"

"I, say, landlowd,—does the cholowa appwoach the highaw owda of societaw in youwa citwa?"

"What did you observe?" insinuatingly asked Old Cuff.

"I say, maw deaw fellaw, does that most howwible pestilence the cholowa attack the fashionables—that is, does it weach the mowe wefined and intelligent powtion of the exclusives of youwa citwa?"

"No," good-naturedly answered the landlord," it does not; but I would advise you—if you are *capable*—to write to your mother immediately, and obtain her consent to quit the place, for fear it may attack *you*!"

"Whya my deaw fellaw whya do you speak thus?"

"Because the disease rages to a fearful extent among a *certain class* of individuals. It is death on *d—d fools*, scarcely one escapes its dreadful ravages."

The "creataw" soon disappeared, amidst shouts of laughter from the bystanders, and at the latest dates had not been heard of in those parts.

KRISS KRINGLE.—If nobody will say naything about it, we will freely confess that this is stolen, straight out, up and down and in full, from Corporal Streeter. The Corporal can put it in his next bill. A handsome bachelor put up his stocking on Christmas eve. for the favors of old Kriss Kringle, and was delighted in the morning to find that a lovely damsel, of about 20, had ensconced herself therein. He at once waked her up, fell on his knees swore eternal devotion, kissed first her hand and then something vastly better, and ran for the parson in such haste that he fell down stairs and—waked up to find black Tom beside his bed, grinning, "De brekfus is reddy, messa Robert—but golly me, how dreffol onesy you duz lay to b sure.—Nebber saw no gemman do so before-nebber" *Pic.*

EXCERPS.

Coquetry is the vice of a small mind; of a mind whose frivulous vanity obscures its vision to everything open, honest, and honorable.

The patriotism of a nation consists in love and attachment to her laws and institutions.—When these die patriotism dies. No war is so much to be dreaded as that which grows out of a distrust of our own institutions.

That government is the best where laws are so framed as to infringe in the least possible degree upon the natural rights its subjects; securing them at the same time in the possession of the greatest amount of happiness. Right laws protect right, and for obedience to law we receive the protection which law affords. He that does not obey deserves no such protection.

The morality which suits itself to all men and all occasions—shrinking only from that which the common law of the land condems,—will afford but a poor covering to its possessor when called into the presence of Him who reads the thoughts and intents of the heart. Outward seriousness and circumspection is no true index of inward sanctity. A christian profession has saved many a reputation in this life, but never a soul in the next. *Pic.*

The Miners' Journal relates the following. Although it savors somewhat of the "ancient Joe," yet it is worth preserving. It has never been better told:—

How Parson —— got married to Miss —— Our readers shall have the benefit of a good, story that we once heard read. Here it is.—Travelling into town one night, about dusk Parson —— had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who had among other worldly possessions two or three very fine daughters. He had scarcely knocked at the door when it was hastily opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as thought threw her arms around his neck, and before he had time to say, oh dont pressed her warm delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain deserved. In utter astonishment, the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something when the damsel exclaimed—"Oh mercy, mercy! Mr.——, is this you! I thought as much as could be it was my brother Henry.

"Pshaw!" thought the parson to himself—"you didn't think any such thing." But taking her hand, he said in a forgiving tone," There is no harm done. Don't give yourself any uneasiness—though you ought to be a little more careful.

After this gentle reproof he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light could not conceal the deep blush that glowed upon her cheek, while the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom shook like a flower garden in an earthquake; and when he rose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm-hearted pastor plodded homewards he urged with himself in this wise:—"Miss——knew it was I who knocked at the door, or how did she recognize me before I spoke?—and is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? She must be desperately in——Pshaw! Why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how must she love her husband; for by the great squash! I never felt such a kiss in my life!"

Three weeks after the above incident Parson —— was married to Miss ——! *Pic.*

From the Picayune

BOOTH AND SAM HOUSTON.

The following anecdote, of remarkable peculiarty and prophetic interest, we find in the St. Louis Reporter:—

One evening during the winter of 1834, as Booth, the celebrated tragedian, was walking up Pensylvania Avenue in the city of Washington, he accosted an old friend from the west whom he had not seen for many years. After mutual expressions of surprise and salutation, these two singular men walked arm-in-arm to Brown's Hotel, where both had taken lodgings. In the whole country, perhaps, there could not be found two others more pasionately fond of excitement, more remarkable in their habits or more noted for their eccentricities. Retiring to a private room, they sat down to recount the story of their past lives; and as they industriously circulated the bottle, many a loud shout echoed through that hall, and startled the watchmen in the street as they went their silent rounds. As the night wore on their excitement increased until at the close of a thrilling story relating to his strange career, his companion exclaimed—

"Now Booth let's have a speech to liberty—one of those apostrophies to Old Roman freedom with which you startle audiences!"

Had Booth been inclined to refuse, he knew that his friend, when the mood was on him would not be denied any request however absurd or difficult the performance. But the tragedian had himself entered into the spirit of his companion, and nothing loath he rehearsed with magic power many of those electric passages in defence of liberty with which the English drama abounds. His friend whose memory as well as habits partook of the Indian character caught up the words and with equal force, clearness and accuracy went through each speech in regular succession. Thus they proceeded for a time, and then again sat down upon the floor of that chamber to renew their potations and the story of their personal adventures. Booth drank and listened, whilst the other told of his own elevations in his native State of his disgust at civic honors, of his home in the distant forest of the uncontrolled freedom of the red men, of their stoic fortitude and matchless heroism. Warmed by the recollection of those thrilling scenes he sprang at last to his feet, and, in the tone of one amid the battle's din, fighting against fearful odds exclaimed—

"Now, Booth, once more for liberty!"

The tragedian dared not disobey! He ran through with all his usual energy, the tale of Mexican thraldom, of the Spanish conquest of that land, the dangers incurred by the invading army their commander's exortation before the battle, and the stubborn bravery of the native chiefs. Before him stood, at that lone hour, listening with an intensity of though and feeling which shone through his eyes, lightened o're his face, strained every muscle, and started the sweat in great drops from his lofty brow, one who had all the spirit of a Cortez and ambition of a Pizarro. Quick as thought he took up the task, and repeated the words just uttered by both with the most critical precision of tone and manner.

The scene was one of no small moment, it may be, to a nation's history. As he became excited in the recitation his spirit seemed to take fire—and with an air so strange, so determined, so frightful that it seemed the voice of one inspired, he exclaimed at the close of a masterly extraneous rhapsody, "Yes! you to revel yet in the halls of Montezumas."

Reader, Booth companion on that night is now President of Texas—the hero of San Jacinto. And when can say that the words uttered by him in that hour of excitement are destined never to be filled. Sam Houston, if events cast their shadow all yet revel in the halls of Montezumas.

The above is a description of a scene which actually occurred, and which recent events have called up with great distinctness. History has shown many instances of declarations, like that of Houston's which subsequent events have induced men to regard as prophetic. We have ever looked upon such strong passionate words as indicative of a spirit possessed of the requisite determination and energy of character to work the wonderous changes predicted. Such is the character of Houston—and such may be the consummation of his singular career.

From the Louisville Journal.

FISCALITY.—Since we noticed the shadowing forth of this project in the President's message, we have not had the heart to allude to the subject. A full investigation of it convinced us that it would receive no countenance in or out of Congress, unless it might be from the "corporal's guard;" and so we thought it best to let it pass in silence into the great limbo into which all such monstrosities now-a-days hasten from their birth. But it seems we are expected to redeem our promise to give it a fuller examination. The scheme is one of those wise attempts of politicians void of all tact to reconcile extremes, not by making a middle measure between the extremes, but by linking the extremes together. Such measures of necessity can satisfy none. The hates of politicians are far more intense and unyielding than their loves; and a measure which combines whatever was objectionable in the Sub-Treasury with far more than was objectionable in a national bank must necessarily encounter the disapprobation of all but the hired applauders. A more stupid attempt to unite oil and water was never before made by any Administration; and it has met with the usual success. In the Senate not a single man has dared to give it his unqualified approval.

How could it be otherwise? It is a Sub-Treasury whereon is engrafted the worst feature of a Government bank. As a Sub-Treasury it must necessarily encounter the opposition of every honest Whig. Besides the ordinary revenues of Government, it entrusts, to the keeping of men appointed by the President and Secretary of the Treasury, the proceeds of $15,000,000 of certificates of deposite and of fifteen millions of Treasury notes. For the safety of such a vast sum there is no other security than the honesty of such men as Price and Swartwout; and instead of being entrusted to comparatively few, as under the Sub-Treasury, it must encounter the palms of some two hundred officers. All these officers are, by the power of removal, under the control of the President; and, of course, the purse and sword are united as firmly in the same hand as they could be by any contrivance.

But, in its character of a Government bank, this scheme was ingeniously devised to please neither party. It would have suited the Loco-Focos very well if it had been proposed by Van Buren; for nothing could be more potent in maintaining in the ascendency the despotic power of a party. But, as matters stand, they can see nothing in it but features more detestable than they ever discovered in a national bank. As for the Whigs, one of whose objections to the Sub-Treasury was that it seemed a Government bank in disguise, it could hardly be expected to conciliate them by turning to them the bank side of this Janus-faced abortion. As a bank, its character is so objectionable, that the most ultra friend of banks and credit cannot approve it. Its foundation must be one of pure credit. The Treasury is empty; there is nothing whatever on which to build but credit. There is no specie in the Treasury, and none is coming in; for all payments to the Government are made in Treasury notes, which are now below par. The only chance of creating a specie fund is by the sale of the $5,000,000 five per cent. stock, (the power to sell which seems intended to guard against remote contingencies,) or by exchanging certificates of deposite for specie. But, for every dollar which may find its way into the bank, it may issue three dollars in paper. Thus if the specie proceeds from private deposite, it will represent a paper circulation four times as great—one dollar in certificates of deposite— for one deposited, and three dollars in Treasury notes! It possesses all the functions of a bank—it is a bank of deposite, of issue, and of discount; but it is purely a Government bank, and, as such, far more objectionable to every genuine and right-thinking Whig than the naked Sub-Treasury scheme. Its funds belong to the Government; its favors would be dispensed by the Government. Neither the public money, nor the holders of the notes, nor the public liberty would have any other protection than the moderation of a dominant action, and the honesty and good management of a host of official slaves and speculators, holding their places at the will of the President. Its inevitable effect would be to corrupt the public morals, to deface the public credit, and to enslave the people. With such an engine of power, even such a man as Tyler might hope to retain the Presidency for life.

The checks against its abuse are as ridiculous as the hope that it would furnish a platform whereon men of all notions could stand together. Once establish it, and there would be no guard against abuse and corruption but the will of the party in power. It may be altered at every session of Congress. The first alteration would be to give it power to purchase long bills as well as short, and promisory notes as well as bills of exchange; for if it can give relief to the people by buying thirty-day bills, can it not give it still greater relief by buying four-month bills and notes? Then, if found necessary to sustain the popularity of the Administration, all restriction would be taken from its power to issue Government paper. All its tendencies would be towards unrestrained corruption and abuse. It would be perverted into a mere instrument of relief to the people, and of power and corruption to the Government instead of taxation; and then Government extravagance and profligacy would run riot until the public credit would be destroyed, and the machine ruin down.

Great merit is claimed for this bank project, on the ground that Congress will have the power to repeal it. Let the people be not deceived on this point. Once fairly under way, it can never be repealed until it runs its course. Let it get its $15,000,000 in circulation, with its discounting powers enlarged, and it would be as easy to repeal the charter of the State Bank of Alabama. A national bank is sure to have the sympanies of the people against it, but this Government bank would ally itself with the interests and wants of the people. With no stockholder but Government, it would be conducted, out with a view to the interests of stockholders, or the amount of dividends, but with a view to the promotion of the popularity and power of the existing Administration. Once let it become fully connected with the business of the country—let its issues fill the channels of circulation—its favors be felt in the purchase of notes and bills, how would it be possible to get rid of it, except by its natural dissolution? Those who now oppose it most would find their interests compelling them to support it, as those now who hate the banks the worst are compelled to tolerate them.

But suppose if possible that virtue enough might be found in Congress to repeal it, would it not find an impenetrable shield in the veto power of the President? Its powers might be increased to any extent; but the moment an attempt should be made to check or repeal it, the veto would be brought into action.

No one can deny that this Government bank *may* produce all the evils of which we have spoken. There is no guaranty whatever against it but the virtue and wisdom of the Executive, and of the party in Congress in the majority. And all experience proves that this guaranty amounts absolutely to nothing. If a fallen Administration has had the audacity to propose such a measure as we have shown this to be, if they have made such a bold push for power, if in proposing a Government bank, they deny that it is a bank, if in proposing to relieve the people, by issuing Government paper and dealing in bills of exchange, they in the next breath deny that the proposed institution will attempt to furnish a currency or any facilities to business, what have we to expect from the wisdom and virtue of future administration?

MARK THEM!—The N. Y. Courier and Enquirer calls upon the Press throughout the Union to stereotype the names of Congress, who have changed their vote on the Bankrupt Law since July:

Thos. J. Campbell, Tennessee, R. L. Caruthers, Tennessee; B. S. Cowan, Ohio; J. H. Cravens, Indiana; Garret Daivs, Kentucky; A. R. Sollers, Maryland; C. H. Williams, Tennessee; A. Young, Vermont.

The Legislature of Ohio has passed law compelling the banks of that State to resume on the 4th of March next.

From the Saturday Courier

THE LECTURE OF MR. BURRITT, "THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH."

One of the most valuable lectures of the season, is generally admitted to be that pronounced on Friday evening, before the Mercantile Association, by Mr. Elihu Burritt, the gentleman who has acquired so much distinction, not only in this country, but in Europe, as the "learned blacksmith." His object throughout was to show the importance of Self-Cultivation. He is himself a practical illustration of what industry and a determined perseverance accomplish, being truly and emphatically a self-made man; and as such brought to the subject such illustrations as no other lecturer in this country has ever before done.

His views on the existence or capacity of genius were new and bold, and their very boldness created a doubt in the minds of many as to their correctness. While we would award all credit to the spirit of industry, without which but little can be accomplished, there can scarcely be a question raised as to the power of genius or its capacity to perform what all the patience industry and perseverance in the world never could accomplish. There are evidences of this all around us. We see men, for instance who possess an intuitive native genius for poetry, or music, which another is utterly deprived of. In instances of this kind, and numerous others which will readily suggest themselves to the reader, no exertion, no industry, no self-culture, however ardent, could supply, the place of it; and in this particular, we think the lecturer weakened the force of his reasoning, which on other points was close and instructive. Aside from this his discourse was full of enthusiastic love of learning, in itself the strongest commentary on his erroneous views of what is due to the power and majesty of genius, and furnish to the youthful mind, the cheering incentive to action. No one could have listened to the rich tresures which gushed from his well filled mind without a longing to possess some portion of the genius as well as the industry, which in urging him to a brilliant and successful course of self-cultivation, has made him what he is, an object of wonder, as well as of administration.

Mr. Burrit's allusion to Shakespeare was particularly unfortunate. The idea of the Bard of Avon owing his astonishing powers of creation the rich emanations of an inexhaustible genius peopling the worlds which owed their existence of his fertile imagination—the idea that self culture and not genius, made him what he was is one so utterly at variance with all our preconceived views with the testimony in fact of all who have ever given the subject a thought; that we could but notice, the remarks of the eloquent lecture with unfeign surprise, Mr. B. owned that Shakespear surpassed all other poets, but asks, "Are we sure his poetry was from an inborn impulse? On the country," he continues, "may he not be considered an example of self culture?" Shakespear's teeming fancy his exhuberant imagination the inexhaustible fullness and richness of his giant intellect, which would have rolled forth its living and irrepressible torrents spite of all neglect or obstacles that could have been imposed upon him forbid the thought to be indulged that genius, native inborn genius, was not the main spring of that great master-spirit, sustained by industry of self-culture, which in this instance, as in all others of a similar character must be looked upon as indespensable aids of the development of the inborn, native powers of genius.

Mr. Burrit is a young man. He is but thirty years old—and yet he has acquired a knowledge of more than fifty languages, embracing all the most difficult. Much of his time must have been spent in the fulfilment of this Herculean task.—He is a remarkable instant of rare intellect associated with great memory, and patient, perseving industry—a living illustration of what portions of his lecture want so strongly to disprove. It must be admitted, however, in conclusion, that if the young are to err at all, it is far better they should do so in thinking that industry and perseverance will accomplish all things—for it is certain that without these, the hiest genius will accomplish comparatively nothing.

From the Picayune

A GOOD STORY AND A TRUE ONE.—We have heard the custom of wearing *bustles* ridiculed in our day, and many a good joke has been perpetrated on them and about them. While we were sojourning in the western country, the following story was either related to us, or else we must have read it—a'n't positive which.—We are determined to revamp it and re-tell it to suit this meridian. Read it, Mr. Reader, if you wish to enjoy a hearty laugh. The scene is laid in Cincinnati.

Mr. Alexander K——and his blooming bride, who had just arrived from "foreign parts," took up their abode in one of the fashionable hotels in the "Queen city;" took at two amid the numerous band-boxes, hat cases, trunks, and other apparatus consequent upon travelling Mrs. K——, desirous of seeing town, begged her husband, one morning, to escort her on a stroll of discovery; and accordingly they issued forth, determined to astonish the natives by the splendor of their accourtriments—in which; as will shortly appear they were quite successful. Having satisfied their optics that the "village" was wonderful civilized for a savage country, they found their way to a pleasant promenade in the environs whither the *haut ton* of the Cincinnatians were wont to resort; but as luck would have it, the clouds became overcast, and the rain soon pattered down in abundance. No place of shelter being near, and Mrs. K.——intent on preserving her silk undamaged, cast her eyes around, and seeing only a few gentlemen and ladies behind immediately gathered up her outside garment and threw it over her bonnet—it being a common resource "at home." Scarcely had she walked a dozen steps besides her liege lord, when ill-suppressed titters assailed her ears; but knowing full well that her undress was white as the driven snow she attributed their mirth to *mauvais honte*, and pluming her head aloft stepped forward with the air of an Elssler. The individuals behind, for reason best known to themselves, could no longer contain their laughter, and in defiance of etiquette, burst out in a roar.

"Heavens, dear Alice!" whispered the lady it is at me the monsters are laughing!"

"I don't know, my dear—walk on a little we the reply.

"O, no; let us go slowly, and allow them to pass.

In vain they slacked their pace, distance between them and their follow-